

cost lots of money, in hiring new ones. And, then, each man does more and better work now. The falling off in days' absence on account of sickness is simply enormous. These things all show in our output.

"The number of cars we made in February, last year, was 16,000. With the same number of employees, in February this year, under the profit-sharing plan, we put out 25,000 cars!

"Yes, I guess the plan pays, from the standpoint of profit and loss. Anyhow, I KNOW it does, from MY standpoint. IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED EVERYTHING I WAS HOPING FOR. It's making better, healthier men out of our employees. Every man here is a satisfied individual; he's his own boss. We're a group of friendly people, co-operating—not a business corporation for making money only, without a soul!"

BY A SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR.

On Michigan avenue in Chicago is the International Harvester skyscraper. In a beautiful office overlooking the glistening lake sat C. J. Hicks, head of the "welfare department." He boasted of their "minimum wage" for married men—\$2 per day. But thousands work only part time, so the average is \$550 a year.

He told of all the charity done by the company. The McCormick family, head of the harvester trust, does a great deal in charity, open-air schools, sanitariums, visiting nurses, etc. Sherman T. Kinsley is their press agent and draws \$3,500 a year.

"Would \$5 per day help any?" I asked, after reading statistics showing the company had "given away" about \$100,000 last year to relieve distress among its \$2-per-day men and their families.

"That would do no good," he said. "They don't know how to live. We must show them how."

He admitted that dividends come before charity and all other consid-

erations. "We must be business-like, and not sentimental," he added.

Before I called on Hicks, the welfare expert, I had visited homes of the men who live under this Harvester Company reign of charity and profits and produce a few millionaires and thousands of paupers and the finest machines "to save labor."

About these homes and \$2-a-day families I wrote yesterday. Most of them need charity. Some of them—those in dire distress—get it. The houses—most of them—are unsanitary, unhealthy, veritable disease-breeding spots. And the McCormicks send visiting nurses around. Also, if disease gets too strong a hold, why, there are sanitariums, supported by the McCormicks.

In one year the International Harvester Company spent as much as \$277,147.03 for charitable purposes, and it spent in the same time \$218,287.39 as compensation for industrial accidents and accident prevention. If a man is killed in the works, his family is given three years' wages. If a workman has an eye gouged out, the company hands him over three-fourths of his year's wage. Another thing of which the company boasts is "the abolishment of the common drinking cup."

Of course, the Harvester trust is making money. Every once in a while they cut a melon. They slice it up among themselves—the stockholders. Right now they have a surplus, \$31,586,544, waiting to be divided.

By the last report, I find that the trust handed out \$11,562,698 as one year's dividends to stockholders.

Next door to the Deering plant of the International Harvester Company life rots. Fifteen miles farther north on the shores of Lake Michigan the accumulated wealth from the labor of underpaid workers bursts forth in mansions. The owners of the Harvester trust live there.

Of the 7,800 men and women employed in the Deering plant, 75 per cent are in the \$2 class—the boasted